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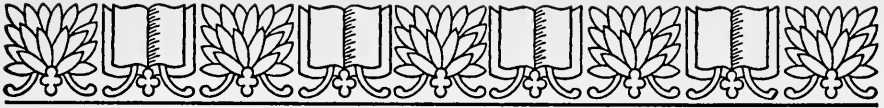
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April Wins!

Edith C. Avery, '15, Adelpbian

March comes blustering o'er the hills
And blows his horn, so loud, so clear,
That Nature all must heed his call,
(So he thinks) "Ho, March is here!"

April comes tripping o'er the hills,
And sings a song, so sweet, so clear,
That Nature all must heed her call,
(So Nature thinks) "Your April's here!"



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“According to Shakespeare”

Kate Jones, '17, Adelpkian

Helen Grey and her room-mate, Dorothy Randolph, walked arm in arm toward their dormitory. Several hours before they had received their diplomas. They were now college graduates.

“It’s a funny old world, Dot,” said Helen. “While we were ignorant, struggling freshmen, we wished so many times to be seniors—for the very next day to be our graduation day, and now, we would love to go back and be freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors over again! We will soon stop longing for the past, though, and our time and thoughts will be wholly occupied by the busy future.”

Helen and Dorothy had been loyal friends throughout the four years of their college career and for the last two years had been happy, congenial room-mates. Each summer something had happened to prevent their visiting each other, but, in spite of this fact, neither had a relative or friend who was a stranger to the other. Dorothy was certain she would know Mr. and Mrs. Grey if she were to see them in some strange place. It really couldn’t be hard, she thought, to recognize “John”, “T. S.”, or “Charles”. And Helen could tell other girls very nearly as much about Mr. and Mrs. Randolph and Brother James as Dorothy could. Helen knew something of “Mac”, “Rob”, and “Frank”, too. Indeed, Helen knew a great deal about Frank, for he was the favorite cousin to whom she had been introduced through Dorothy’s letters.

Occasionally Helen had added a postscript to Frank, had sent him a card, or a copy of her college magazine.

"Did I tell you I had a letter from Frank this morning?" Dorothy asked Helen as they walked to the car line the next day. Helen was going away on the 4:30 train, but Dot would not leave until that night at 7:10.

Helen was thinking of the letter she had not written but had promised to write the day before to her cousin in Baltimore, and did not answer at first. After a moment she replied, "No. What did Frank say?"

"Of course he sent congratulations and a world of good wishes to each of us," said Dorothy, "and he said that sometime soon he was going to see Uncle Walter." Then, after a short pause, Dorothy went on excitedly, "Oh, Helen; I have an idea! When Frank passes through Charlotte a crowd of you girls and boys go to the train and see him."

"Dot, that *would* be worlds of fun! Mother never will consent, though. Mother always has said such—." Helen glanced up and saw the car coming. "We'll have to walk faster," she said, and crossed to the other side of Dorothy to help carry the suitcase.

Helen kissed Dorothy and stepped on the car. "Don't forget, you are going to write me tomorrow. Goodbye!" Dorothy called after her.

"I wish some of the other girls were going home on this train," said Helen to herself twenty minutes later as she looked around for a vacant seat.

Near the middle of the car sat a young man whom one would judge to be about twenty-eight years of age. While Helen waited for the crowd in front of her to push forward, she glanced at the young man's handsome, intelligent face, which was almost buried in an Atlantic Monthly. As she quickly glanced away the young man arose and gave her his seat.

"Thank you," said Helen, sweetly, and sat down.

Both Helen and the young man smiled, but neither realized what a long, hard look each gave the other.

When the train stopped for the second time Helen noticed two men, who had been sitting across from her, take their

suitcases and leave the train. She saw, also, though of course she tried hard not to see, the young man who had given her his seat immediately occupy the seat which had been vacated by the two men.

"Wonder who he is, where he is from, and what he does?" Helen said to herself, as she saw the young man take a notebook and pen from his pocket and begin writing. Then in a few moments she began to wonder again when the young man tore the several sheets he had written from his notebook and fold them as he would sheets of paper upon which a letter had been written.

"A hurriedly written note to the girl he has just left, telling her over again the things he told her as he left her, I dare say. What queer thoughts one can have! Here I sit, wondering about a man I have never seen before and shall never see again. Sometimes, though, people attract you the first time you glance at them, and you are made to wonder if you'd love them if you knew them. Ha! If Dot were with me now she'd take a good laugh and say, 'Here you are again, little girl, hoping that yours and his love will be a case of love at first sight'. I really must believe in love at first sight. Seems to me it would be lots easier to believe he loved you if he loved you at first sight. Foolish, foolish girls!"

Helen had been leaning on her elbow looking out the window while these thoughts flitted through her mind. She turned from the window almost smiling, and was preparing to get up to get a magazine to read when she noticed her suitcase had been moved. After a few moments, when the porter came through the car, Helen asked him where he had put her suitcase.

"I will see, ma'am," said the porter, bowing politely.

"My name—Helen Grey—is on it," Helen added, and as she spoke the young man across the aisle looked up quickly.

"What luck!" he muttered to himself. "If she had said it a little louder, and I had not been so intensely interested in this foolish love story, I could have found out her name." And he closed the book and threw it on the seat beside him with such force that Helen glanced around nervously, then, turning back and smiling, she began to think again.

“Story didn’t end exactly as he wanted it to, I guess.”

“Would you like your suitcase, ma’am? It is behind the first vacant seat on this row.”

“Thank you, I shall get it later,” Helen replied to the porter.

The young man’s gaze was fixed steadfastly upon her now and she was conscious of it. After a few minutes she arose and went to get a magazine from her suitcase.

“Wonder if she’ll come back here,” thought the young man, as he leaned forward to watch Helen. Then, almost loud enough to be heard by the gentlemen in front of him, he said, “By George, I’m going to risk it!”

Helen took the book from her suitcase, replaced the suitcase and returned to her seat to find the selfsame sheets of paper she had seen torn from the young man’s notebook and folded up, lying upon *her* seat. She did not dare touch them until after glancing across the aisle (during which glance she was very careful to look much displeased and quite dignified) and learning the young man was not in his seat.

Finally Helen picked up the note nervously and sat down, saying to herself, “I can’t read it, for he may still be on this car, and I couldn’t let him see me read it. I shall put it in my purse and read it only when I am in my room alone tonight. Wonder if I ought to let mother see it? No, this is one thing I’ll keep from everybody, even Dot, even mother.”

It was true, though Helen did not know it, that she could have read the note without fear five minutes later, for the young man got off at the next station.

That night about 10:30 Helen opened her purse, took out the note and read: “I don’t know who you are, I don’t care who you are; I only know that you have aroused in me what no other woman has been able to arouse and that in spite of everything I am going to love you. I am very bold? Yes; but forgive me. Having found out who you are and where you live, I shall come to you and make you believe in my love for you. How wonderful it will be, when, to free my heart from a maddening longing, you let me come to you and tell you I love you and let me teach you to love me! This is all

very foolish? No; I have always believed in love at first sight.

“It will be hard to wait until fortune smiles favorably upon me, but I am willing to wait.

“Do not harden your heart toward
Your

Unknown Lover.”

Helen fell to sleep whispering, “Who can he be? Who can he be?”

* * * * * *

It was several months later when Helen gained consent of her mind to impart even the tiniest fragment of her well-cherished secret to anyone. This she did in a letter to Dorothy.

“Dot,” Helen wrote, “I am madly in love! Can you imagine it? *Me* in love? Dot, it’s true—and I picture myself an exact pattern of the kind of lover we found in Shakespeare’s comedies—the kind of lover our English teacher, thoroughly delighting us by so doing, used to imitate for us—the kind of lover whose love, according to the decision our English teacher helped us make, is lawless, fanciful, and laughable.”

Dorothy’s reply was received after a very few days. It was a hurriedly written note and read as follows: “Wicked, wicked girl! You have torn down my air castles! Why did you do it? Tomorrow Frank and I are coming to see you. We have been planning the trip for a long time and I have been planning other things, too. What have I been planning? Why, that you and Frank should fall desperately in love at first sight and—but why tell you more? Of course, you can guess the big plans I’ve been making, and I am angry with the man who has interrupted my wonderful match-scheme. Tell him I said so. Hear? But really, Frank and I are coming tomorrow on No. 22. You must like Frank enough to be real good friends with him anyway. I know you will. Be sure to meet us, and tomorrow you must tell me all about this wonderful man with whom you are so madly in love.

As ever,

Dot.”

The tomorrow Dorothy mentioned in her letter was Friday—a Friday never to be forgotten by Helen Grey.

Thursday night Helen went to her room early. She sat by the window for hours gazing at the moon and wondering if she would like Frank.

“I want to see Dorothy so much. It will hurt her if I do not like Frank. If I could only forget my train man I could like Frank a great deal, I’m sure.” Such thoughts occupied Helen’s mind until almost 12:00 that night, and then she fell to sleep.

* * * * * *

It was Friday and only an hour until train time. Helen began to feel excited. She sat on the piazza wondering the same things she had wondered on the night before, when a Western Union lad stepped up, tipped his cap, and handed her a telegram.

“They are not coming,” she whispered, but later the “they” was changed to “she”, for the telegram read, “Mother’s illness prevents my coming. Expect Frank on twenty-two. Love. Dot.”

“What will I do? How can I begin talking to him, and what will I talk about?”

Helen tried to quiet her nerves by reading, but failed. At length she went in the parlor and sat down at the piano to play. She had played only a few measures when the door bell rang. It was Frank!

The maid answered the ring and showed Frank into the parlor, where Helen stood nervously twisting her handkerchief. When Frank entered the door he, not unlike Helen, drew back in amazement.

“Helen!”

“Frank!”

“Helen,” said Frank, as he advanced after a moment’s pause, “I have found you now. I meant every word of the note I wrote you on the train. I know I mean it now more than I could have meant it then.”

Again he advanced toward her, extending his hand, but Helen refused to take it.

At length Helen spoke. "I can't see—you—you—now—Fr—Frank. Come—come back—to—tonight."

It was well that Helen have a few hours to readjust herself with the world. Everything seemed like a dream to her. She could believe nothing she heard and certainly nothing she saw.

It was early when Frank came back that night—but it was late when Frank left.

"I wonder what Dot will say," said Helen, as she handed Frank his hat and walked out on the porch with him.

"Dot will be glad, Helen."

Almost unconsciously Helen slipped her hand through Frank's arm. They stood there gazing at the moon, oblivious of all around them—contented. At length Helen broke the stillness.

"Frank, it seems like a—a—a—. What is it, anyway, Frank?"

"According to Shakespeare," Frank replied, as he took the hand which lay gently on his arm, "It's a case of love at first sight."

The Spendthrift

Lois Cromartie, Adelpian

A dreamer he was amid the strife,
 Who gayly threw his hours away;
 The golden moments of his life
 He treasured not from day to day.

"Some day I'll live my dreams and more,
 Some day the precious hours I'll save."
 Lo, Death swung open wide the door;
 Naught found the dreamer but the grave.

Alphonse Daudet

Gertrude S. Carraway, '15, Cornelian

Alphonse Daudet was born on May 13, 1840, in the picturesque old city of Nîmes, where, as he himself says, "there is plenty of sunshine, no small amount of dust, a Carmelite convent and two or three Roman monuments". Some call the surname Daudet "David", while others trace it back to the Latin "Deo Datus", which means "given by God". Both sides of Alphonse's family were "bourgeois". His father, Vincent, was a silk manufacturer, a man who failed in business as well as in life, for he did nothing but scold and fret. His mother was a sorrowful, but well-meaning little woman, who was continually in tears, for she thought of her troubles more than of her children. And so, the home life of Daudet, as a boy, was a lamentable one, composed of tears and fears. His tears were a result of his misfortunes; his fears, a result of his nervous temperament. Although the little village of Nîmes had an atmosphere of southern dullness, yet it also had an atmosphere of southern animation, where occasional fights between the youthful Huguenots and Roman Catholics took place. In these Alphonse played a part. As a lad he also read a great deal, especially of the sea, and one of his greatest desires was to take a sea voyage.

When ten years old he was sent to school at Lyons, where he remained until he was almost sixteen. There he was an apt student, especially in Latin. The most miserable year of his life was the one after he had left the Lycée at Lyons. During this time he was an usher in the school at Alais. The children were so cruel to him that he even contemplated suicide. Instead of yielding to his wretchedness, however, he went to Paris and lived with his brother, Ernest. When he first arrived in the city he remained fifty hours without food. His first means of support failed him in a short time—Ernest, who left Paris for the country. The next three years Alphonse spent in want and shabbiness. Finally, he obtained

a position as private secretary to the Duc de Morny, a half-brother of Napoleon III. While he held this position he led a butterfly life, for this was his period of elegance. Towards the close of his life he made \$30,000 a year by writing. Now a handsome revenue from his books is received by his heirs. These two facts show how his circumstances improved.

In 1867, he married Julia Allard, a woman of unusual intelligence and common sense. Although Daudet was very popular and much sought after in his later life, he never became a member of the French Academy. He received a nomination to the Legion of Honor, however. And so, even if he did suffer a great deal, he died amidst happiness on December 17, 1897, at Paris.

This man, it has been said by some writer, had the nervous beauty of an Arab horse with flowing hair, a silky, divided beard, large eyes, an amorous mouth, and a smile that seemed to be intelligent of the joy of living. His temperament was nervous and full of marked sensitiveness, but withal was very artistic and romantic, "a revolt against the tyranny of fact". In short, his temperament was that of the man of southern France.

He was an irregular worker, sometimes spending months in leisure; at other times working feverishly twenty out of twenty-four hours. As he was near-sighted, he used a very high desk. Before this desk he wrote his manuscript at least three different times, and then was never satisfied with the result. Nearly all of his writings were read and criticized by his wife before they were published. When one of his plays was presented to the public for the first time, he never went to the performance. From the manner of the maid the next morning he knew whether it had been a success or a failure, according to whether she was respectful or contemptuous. Like a child he was over the amount of money which he reaped from his works. Not only did he like success in his writings, but also did he like it in his conversations and impromptu story-telling. His untiring love of telling stories was surpassed only by his dislike of hearing them told by other people. Especially did he like to talk about politics and literature and to tell anecdotes.

Daudet was a very close observer and an exact student. Everything was undertaken by him in a spirit of enthusiasm and optimism. Among his associates he was usually very gentle, kindly, and confidential, although at times he grew violent. With his friends, however, he was an universal favorite, since he was so interesting and entertaining. Among them were Goncourt, Maupassant, Paul Bourget, Zola, Loti, and Geoffrey.

As an author, Daudet's earliest successes were short stories and novels, though at first he had tried poetry. At Fontvielle, "situated in the very heart of Provence, on a hillside clothed with pine trees and green oaks," he began to write his *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, a delightful thing composed of delicate humor and poetry. *Le Petit Chose* came next, bringing him much success. This book is a kind of autobiography, pathetically treating of his hardships, trials, and persecutions as a child, as an usher at Alais, and as a newcomer in Paris. Next appeared *Contes du Lundi*, *Tartarin de Tarascon*, and *Fromont jeune et Risler Aîné*. The last mentioned book contains the immortal characters of Delobelle, an old actor living in a stage world of his own creation, and of Sidonie Chèbe, a vain and empty-headed Parisian girl. *Jack* comes next—a story of a neglected son of an irresponsible mother. Then, in succession, come *Le Nabob*; *Les Rois en Exil*, a story of the modern fortunes of royalty; *Numa Roumestan*, and *Sapho*, which, with its merciless portraiture of moral disintegration, was dedicated "to his sons when they are twenty". Two other works are known as *L'Académicien*, a satire on the narrow scholarships of the French Academy, and *L'Evangéliste*, a keen analysis of religious enthusiasm.

And so, from this list of titles we can readily see that Daudet was first a short-story writer, then a novelist and a playwright. Strange as it may seem, almost all of the critics agree that his short stories will do more for his future glory than his best novels, notwithstanding the fact that the former were written chiefly in the prime of his life. The characteristics of Daudet as a short-story writer are to a certain extent different from his characteristics as a novelist and playwright, for his experiences had widened so vastly between these two

periods in his life that the man himself had changed very much.

He began writing as a dreamer, a lover of nature, and a sun-worshipping Provençal. His short stories, which contain the best of his indescribable talent, were written with a certain charm of manner, so light, so keen, so pleasing in movement and gayety that they are pure masterpieces of poetry and gracefulness. The stories are told as a speaker would tell a story.

A charming temperament, with only a sentiment of deeper things, is a sign of his earlier productions. As time progressed he enlarged upon this manner with his new fields of observation, for the Parisian viewpoint had been added to the Provençal viewpoint. Not until 1874, however, did he begin to see life after the manner of the modern psychological school. Then, in contrast to the former stories of Provence, appeared his Parisian romances. *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* is an example of this later type; it is very realistic in plot—a fine old fellow is betrayed by his business partner and his wife. *Le Nabob* also illustrates this point, for it contains much stern realism in its analysis of character. The author of these two books had traversed a long road since the days of the exquisite short stories of his youth. Some of his latest books are removed still farther towards sombre portraiture and criticism of life. His novels, however, are distinct from the average novel not in kind, but in degree. He gives us the novel of sensation, humor, pathos, and satire. Their tissue really is at bottom graceful, light, and brilliant. In these later and larger works there is a great inequality, although some passages are very brilliant. The great success of these works depends on his portraits of known individuals. With all these additional later characteristics, however, it is only fair to say that the writer never quite lost his early mood and manner.

Although Daudet had a wonderful faculty of using language, his style is not so much a literary form as a plastic form, for it defies convention, tradition, prudence, and even syntax. His desire is not to be a consummate master of his language, but to produce the desired effect. This desired effect is usually to please and entertain the reader at any cost,

regardless of form and truth. Indeed, the fact that he is a writer merely for the sake of telling a pleasing story is his weakest point.

He is more skillful than original in his handling of his material. Indeed, if there is anything new in his form or style, it is his particular variety of humor, which is a mixture of American and Irish wit.

Another important characteristic of this particular Frenchman is his peculiar tremor of feeling, mixed with a ray of fancy and a wonderful observation of all external things. He not only sees a great deal, but he also feels a great deal. In this respect we can trace in him a shimmer and murmur of the poet. Not only in this respect is he like a poet, but also in several others. In the first place, we can find in him a half-poetical exaggeration. And then, he appeals to the imagination and heart rather than to the intellect and soul. He has but little philosophy in his writings, for his insight fails when he approaches the question of spiritual things.

Daudet is also very human and modern. He is human, because he is so living and sympathetic. In his pathos, which is one of his most frequently occurring moods, this is admirably exemplified. Neither Maupassant, nor Zola, is more human than is the author of whom we are writing. Besides being human he is also modern, because he treats of the concrete, of the very latest and most composite things, and of the refinements of current civilization.

Finally, the style of Daudet belongs to Daudet himself, purely. It is full of his charm and diversity. Nature has been kind to him. It gave him "an instrument of many chords; a delicate, nervous organization; active and indefatigable in spite of his delicacy, familiar with all emotions, acquainted with pain and pleasure; a quick, joyous imagination; a faculty of seeing and making images; and an extraordinary sensibility to the impressions of life". His style is therefore, full of life and color, not descriptive, but flashing its intended effect by its masterly juxtaposition of words.

“Squared”

Margaret Blythe, '17, Adelpgian

“Bam, bam, bam!” rumbled the board fence in Kenston’s backyard as “Bill” and “Red”, swinging their feet, drummed quite industriously to the accompaniment of something that sounded slightly like “It’s a Long Way to Tipperary”, but could scarcely be recognized. As the shavings from a shingle, intended for the door to a rabbit box, fluttered down to the pile glistening in the sun of the winter afternoon, Bill suddenly remarked:

“Red, I never have got over the licking we got for bringing that rat to school we didn’t bring. I wish we could get it back on Pepperbox somehow.”

“Hold this knot a minute, will you, while I slip it over the other end? Don’t you think that’ll go down spank when the rabbit goes in? About that licking. We do get enough, goodness knows, without any extra ones; wish we *could* get even.”

“I’d be willing to take another to square it real good. You know day after tomorrow all those teachers from the county come around to visit the school; that ’d be a grand time to fix it up.”

“Shore would. That Miss Pinkston ’ll be there and you know how Pepperbox and she try to beat each other having the best order in their schools—.”

“William! Oh, William! Come here a few minutes. I want you to go up to Mrs. Johnson’s for me,” called Mrs. Kenston from the kitchen door.

“Sh—h—h,” whispered Bill; “get down on the other side and bring an extra shingle. I’ve got the bucket of apples.”

Having slid down to the other side of the fence, now safely out of sight, the boys resumed their conversation and whittling, first choosing an apple from the bottom of a gallon bucket which had once been full to the brim.

“Pepperbox wants us to behave particular Thursday. You know how he said ‘When the teachers of the county come to

visit the school I hope the pupils will conduct themselves in a manner beyond criticism'."

"Biggest part of those visitors 'll be old maids, too. When that rat got loose that day those girls shore did some yelling and hopping around; but you know old maids are ten times scareder of rats than even girls. I reckon you see what I mean?"

"It's clear a-plenty."

"We could—. Wait, be quiet a minute! Don't I hear ma coming down the walk to the gate yonder? We'd better get around the end of the lot and beat it up in the loft if I don't want to have to carry a pattern or a poetry book around to Mrs. Johnson's. Besides, cook is just as apt as not to have already told ma about those ginger cakes we swiped."

"Bill, you know what we'd get if we took another rat to school? He'd ask us what we know, then there'd be two more whippings worse than the others."

"But we'd be good an' even with Pepperbox! He'd die over Miss Pinkston seeing his room do the way it would do! Besides, the capers those old maids 'd cut would be worth it."

Both boys chuckled to themselves as they pictured the confusion that would reign.

"Still, two lickings, an' hard ones at that." Red shook his head dubiously. "I'll tell you what—let's toss up and see which of us must tell *he* brought it. Just one of us 'll have to get the whipping then!"

"That'll be the very dodge! I declare, Red, once in a while an idea zips through your head, even if you did sell Tom Crane that rabbit for a quarter. Le' me tell you! Tom's got a whole cage of little mice that 'd be a heap worse than a rat! I bet he'd swop 'em for my new glove or even your bat."

"Jimminie Crickiti, we'll have the fun! And then one of us'll have a time—but come on, let's be sports."

The boys cleared a space on the loft floor, spreading an old piece of canvas over the cracks, then stood up ready for the ceremony. Solemnly and slowly, as if it were a case of life or death, Bill produced a quarter from the depths of his pocket, then questioned—

"Heads you take it, tails me. Want me to toss?"

“All right, go ahead.”

Clink went the coin and lay on the floor with “tails” turned to the ray of sunlight striking through a crack of the barn door into the dusky loft.

“It’s me,” said Bill slowly. “Oh, come on! Let’s go over to Tom’s and buy those rats. Whoopee! Hurry up! I’m crazy to turn ’em loose. Oh, yes, Red, the one that gets the licking keeps ’em in his desk to turn loose, you know; that is, unless we can somehow get to sit together.”

* * * * *

In a row of chairs precisely placed around two sides of the room were seated the school teachers (mostly old maids, as Bill had said) of Colifax County. No detail of the room, no answer given to Mr. Ware as he quite nervously (for this was an ordeal any teacher might well dread) questioned the pupils on yesterday’s lesson—nothing escaped the hawk-like eyes of those old hands at the business. One of the girls hesitated a moment over an account of the signing of the Magna Charta, whereupon Miss Pinkston, with a rustle of her black silk skirt and a “told you so” nod, soon handed to her colleague on her left a small piece of paper upon which was neatly written “The young fellow displays an amazing incapability to teach English History.” As the paper went down the line each head nodded vigorously in assent (there was little danger of loosening locks, for each lady’s hair was skinned back very tightly in a knot at the back of her head). In spite of the sour-looking lady on the end of the row who was peering at him very inquisitively over her gold-rimmed eyeglasses, Mr. Ware began to feel a little more at ease, for the order in the room was all that could be expected from children of a room like that. But alas!—poor man; back in the boys’ corner of the room trouble was brewing! Restless under the suspense, Red scrawled a note on his tablet and rolling it up in a ball tossed it across the aisle.

“Bill, did you put on those three shirts like I told you? When are you going to turn ’em out? I want to see the one on the end of that row land on the top of her chair.”

The answer was whispered back. “I’m fixing to pass the word to the girls now, so they can get ready.”

There was a rustle among the girls, then all was quiet again; each skirt was safely tucked up on a desk and all feet

were curled beneath the skirts. In a moment Bill signalled "Ready", cautiously drew a lunch box from his desk and holding it near the floor, lifted the top. Out over the open space toward the row of chairs scampered the tiny, furry creatures! Miss Pinkston, spying them first, with one shriek landed on the top of Mr. Ware's desk. Then pandemonium broke loose. Shrill, loud, and full of terror were the shrieks that rent—positively rent—the air as each old maid, tightly grasping her skirt around the bottom, added her share to the tumult from her perch on the top of her respective chair.

With dignity outraged, boiling over with anger and unutterable hatred for "that young upstart of a teacher" (each lady seemed to place all the blame on Mr. Ware), the visitors, when the confusion had subsided, left the room in a body to spread tales (oh, what tales) over the town. Begging that they please do not hurry away but wait until he could explain, Mr. Ware held open the door for the ladies, while wave after wave of laughter swept over the room behind him. Never, oh, never, had the county teachers given quite such a show or such ear-piercing music! The eyes of the children were wet with tears; some were gasping for breath as they gave way to laughter that not even Mr. Ware's strange silence could suppress.

But Bill began to sober up, for he knew his doom was fast approaching. His fellow-conspirator telegraphed down the line, "Bill, let me take it! I know he'll near 'bout finish you!" But Bill, his face sternly set, responded: "Naw, you're crazy. I'm a sport. I bet I get a whopper, though. Gee! I wish it was over!"

Mr. Ware, having looked for a moment out the window at the retreating crowd of ladies, still led by Miss Pinkston, turned to the room and said: "Perhaps you pupils do not know I found out later that the rat which caused such confusion in here a few days ago was not brought in by any of the boys, but came from a rat-hole in the wall. I'm sorry that another one should have come out at such an inopportune moment. I'll have the hole fixed immediately."

With utter amazement written on his face, Bill whispered to Red: "Well, I'll be John Browne! It shore is square now!"

Bacteria in the Arts and Industries

Mary Louise Fallon, Cornelian

Bacteria are wonderful little plants, because they can live on so many different things. They are the only living things which have three manners of living, and this probably accounts for their being able to live on such widely different things, under such varying conditions. Since the parasitic bacteria are concerned only with disease and holophytic bacteria live mostly in the soil, it is with the saprophytic bacteria that we wish to deal in the relation to arts and industries.

Bacteria are present everywhere in the air, soil, and water and as they are always seeking an opportunity to grow, they attack any dead organic matter which happens to be present. In using this organic matter as food, in their growth and multiplication, they break down the complex molecules of organic compounds and reduce them to simpler forms. Certain products are produced in this breaking down process, which are called decomposition products. The bacteria act very rapidly in using up this food and cause a softening of the organic matter before the final decay. Use is made of this fact in the maceration industries because animal and vegetable tissues yield readily to their action.

The "retting" of flax is quite an old process, although it has just recently been understood. The long tough fibres in the stem of the flax plant are mixed with certain woody parts of the plant and the whole is firmly held together by a gluey substance called pectin. So far no mechanical means has been devised for separating the desired fibres from the undesirable parts of the plant. The only means of separation is to leave the flax exposed to sun and rain for a certain length of time. The heat and moisture present aid the growth of bacteria on the pectin and in their decomposing action they soften or rot the pectin. It is then a simple matter to separate the long tough fibres by combing. The fibres are then woven to make linen.

A similar action takes place in the "retting" of jute and hemp, which also come from the fibres of plants and which must be separated in the same way by bacterial action. These fibres are used in making coarse cloths.

In preparing leather the purpose is to so treat the hides that there will be no decomposition in them. The real tanning is a chemical process, but the preparation of the hides for tanning is done by the agency of bacteria. The dried hides are steeped in warm water where bacteria thrive. This causes a softening of the hide so that the hair and outer skin can easily be removed with a knife and the hide is ready to be tanned.

The above processes show what bacteria are able to do by their powers of softening in the process of decomposition. Not only can they do this, but they also have the power of changing the materials upon which they live in another way; that is, they are able to produce fermentation. The fermentation industries caused by yeasts are usually considered more important, but let us consider these bacterial fermentation.

Vinegar-making is not such an extensive industry as that of making alcohol by yeast fermentation, but vinegar has its uses as a condiment and as a preservative. Vinegar is always made from some source of alcohol, such as cider, weak wine, or beer. There are three methods of making vinegar, but they vary little in that bacteria are the active cause in all cases.

The farmer's method of making vinegar is to leave his cider open to the action of the bacteria of the air and after a short time vinegar is formed. The farmer relies entirely upon chance, because the good or bad quality of the vinegar produced depends on whether proper or improper ferments fell into the cider from the air. The product then is very uncertain, and this has led to the larger and surer production of vinegar in factories.

One of two methods is adopted in the factories, either the "Orleans Process", or the "Quick Process". The "Orleans Process" consists in mixing some good clear vinegar with a large portion of weak wine and allowing the two to stand. The bacteria in the vinegar oxidize the wine to vinegar after a short while. The "Quick Process" is carried on by allowing

alcohol to percolate through a barrel of shavings inoculated with warm vinegar. Bacteria develop rapidly and oxidize the alcohol as it passes through the shavings so it is vinegar when it reaches the bottom of the cask where it is drawn off.

In all three processes it is evident that the change from alcohol to acetic acid was accomplished by bacteria which in feeding caused an oxidation of the alcohol. When bacteria have produced 12 to 14 per cent. of acid they can no longer thrive. Thus they are rendered inactive by the product of their own activities.

The second of the fermentation industries is the preparation of indigo from the indigo plant. This is done by allowing the part of the plant necessary to make the indigo to be dissolved out in water. Bacteria in this water so change the chemical composition of the indigo that it is rendered insoluble in water. This is then separated and sold as indigo. The chemical changes involved by the action of bacteria are not understood, but that bacteria are essential in the preparation of indigo from the plant has been proved by experiment.

Another process which is of great commercial value and which depends on the fermentative action of bacteria, is the curing of tobacco. The price which the tobacco brings is due to the flavor and aroma developed in curing, and when we think of the tobacco used each year this curing assumes a position of economic importance.

After being dried, the tobacco leaves are ready for the curing process. The dried leaves are usually piled up in large piles and allowed to stand for a while. Then after a week they are heaped up again, allowing the inside leaves to be outside this time. This is repeated several times—then the tobacco is ready for market. A rapid rise in temperature accompanies the fermentation which occurs in the tobacco. A change has taken place in the color and texture of the leaf. Its final color is brown. The flavor produced is due to oxidation by bacteria.

In making Cuban tobacco the farmers include a process called "petuning". They inoculate the leaves of the tobacco with certain chemical substances which stimulate the growth of bacteria, and as the fine flavor of Cuban tobacco is produced

by bacteria, it is natural to suppose that other flavors and aromas are produced by other varieties of bacteria. If it is true that flavors which exist in high and low grades of tobacco are caused by bacteria it would seem that the use of pure cultures of bacteria would make the grades of tobacco more uniform and then they would bring better prices. There is work being done in this field at present and there seems to be a future in this work because of the commercial value of tobacco.

Another one of the farm industries dependent on bacteria is silage. Because of silage the farmer is able to give his horses and cattle fresh food during the winter. The corn is cut when almost ripe and is packed in the silo. Then the silo is closed to keep out the air. In a short time the temperature of the mass begins to rise. This is the indication of the fermentation which is taking place and which is caused by the action of the bacteria on the corn. The bacteria present produce the acids which prevent the mass from decaying and the aromatic flavors are certainly due to the breaking down of certain substances by bacteria.

The actual fermentation may, however, be due to chemical action of euzymes. A further study of the subject will perhaps reveal facts which result in the improvement of the present silo.

Sour fodder for cattle is made in much the same way from old beets, potatoes, and cornstalks. Now the souring of certain foods for people is becoming quite important. Lactic acid is developed in pickles, beans, beets, asparagus and sauer kraut to make them more palatable.

Sauer kraut is the most common of these soured foods. It is prepared by shredding cabbage leaves and packing under pressure. Then the mass is placed in casks and fermented by the action of bacteria and yeast. Bacteria develop lactic acid which makes the mass so strong in acid that bacteria cannot cause further decay in the vegetable mass. This acid not only keeps the sauer kraut, but also gives it a desirable taste.

The question of bacteria in the dairy is one which has recently been brought before the public and is one which not

only concerns the dairyman but also the housewife and consumer. It is a well known fact that bacteria are present in all milk. When milk is secreted by the milk glands of the cow it is certainly free from germs, but in milking the bacteria enter the milk from the ducts. We see then that even before the milk leaves the cow it contains germs. Even if the milk were obtained in a sterile condition from the cow it would soon become contaminated under ordinary conditions from other sources. Many of the bacteria enter milk from the air, from the cow's body, and from the milk vessels.

Many people have the idea that milk which contains bacteria is dangerous, but this is not necessarily true, for we cannot prevent the access of a certain number of bacteria, but care should be taken to keep out as many as possible, and in keeping out the majority we may keep out the harmful disease bacteria.

The souring of milk is a natural process, but it is a nuisance to the dairyman who wishes to sell fresh milk. It has been found that milk which contains no bacteria does not sour, so a rapid souring of milk indicates the presence of bacteria in large numbers. It is plainly impossible to prevent souring, but we can at least, by reducing the cause of the souring, keep milk fresh a little longer than usual. Cleanliness is the first essential in a good dairy, then cooling milk keeps the bacteria in an inactive stage and prevents rapid souring. Another popular method of keeping milk from souring rapidly and making it purer at the same time is Pasteurization.

The change from sweet to sour milk is caused by bacteria which change the milk sugar into lactic acid. This is followed by curdling, for when lactic acid reaches 7 per cent. the casein, which was before soluble, is now precipitated.

Since so many bacteria are working all around us we would expect to find more abnormalities in milk than we really do. Sometimes the dairyman is troubled with such variations as sweet curdling, shiny, bitter and colored milk and other miscellaneous faults. Such troubles are remedied by a thorough cleaning of the dairy and the addition of pure cultures of bacteria to milk.

In some countries a few of the so-called abnormalities in milk are desired in certain drinks prepared by the fermentation of milk. The action is carried on by both yeasts and bacteria. The following are some of the common drinks: the Arabian kummys, the Caucasian kefir, the Egyptian leben, and the Turkish yoghurt.

The souring of milk is usually looked upon as undesirable, but when we consider butter and cheese-making we see that lactic acid bacteria are really our friends. In butter-making the cream is separated from the milk and allowed to stand in open pans until it has soured or ripened. Cream is ripened for three purposes. It makes the cream easier to churn and increases the yield of butter; in the second place, butter made in this way keeps better than sweet cream butter, and in the third place the most important result of ripening is the production of a desirable flavor and odor. The practice of adding pure cultures of bacteria to cream to cause the proper ripening is becoming quite important now. These pure cultures have proved useful in three ways—there is more uniformity in the grade of the butter, the flavor of the butter is increased, and the faults can be remedied and prevented by their use.

A product which is made of oils and resembles butter in looks and taste is oleomargarine. In order to give flavor to this product the maker recognizes the importance of bacteria and uses them in the pure culture form to give this desirable flavor.

Cheese-making is closely related to butter-making and is a very old process. There are many different varieties of cheese, but all of them are classed as either hard or soft cheeses. The common hard cheeses are Cheddar, Swiss, and Edam. The soft cheeses are Camembert, Roquefort, and Limberger. Cheese is made of the casein and fat of milk which is curdled and then allowed to ripen for a long time. During the process of ripening a certain softening of the casein takes place, which makes it more digestible. The flavors of hard cheeses produced are certainly products of decomposition and appear only at the end of the ripening process, after the bacteria have finished their work. When pure cultures of bacteria come into

use in this process there will probably be less loss in the cheese industry.

In conclusion we may say that bacteria are of inestimable importance to us in many of our industries. While their complicated action is not understood in all cases, there has been a lot of work done along this line and the practice of adding pure cultures of bacteria to bring about certain industries is an evidence of the fact that men are beginning to realize the importance of these tiny plants to the world. We see them active on all sides and their work in the maceration industries, in the fermentation industries, and in the dairy is well established on a scientific basis. The power of bacteria is universal and the sooner we correct these erroneous impressions that we have had concerning their activities and realize their importance in the arts and industries the better off we shall be.



Star-Gazing

Arey H. Lipe, Cornelian

In the first of the night,
 When the roseate light
 Fades from the western sky,
 I stand silent and gaze
 On the measureless maze
 Of stars spread out on high.

As now silent and still
 The wide heavens they fill
 With glory pure and bright;
 Then joyfully twinkle
 As they merrily sprinkle
 The ebony robe of night.

Just what wonders untold
 Do these star worlds hold
 As their own courses they keep?
 What mysteries sing
 As ever they swing
 O'er the earth in her deep sleep?

Ah, if I only knew
 Those stars I view,
 I would know the secrets of earth;
 I would know the goal
 Of the aspiring soul
 And the Mind that gave it birth!



Contributors' Club

A Breath of Spring

Sarah Gwynn, '16, Adelphean

What is finer than a spring day dropped right in between those of winter, not one of the windy spring days of March or of the rainy spring days of April, but one of the balmy, sunshiny days that foretells the coming of warm weather to birds, flowers, and every other living thing? Just hear the chickens as they scratch for food and note the chirping of the birds as they hop from bush to bush, as though realizing that the bare branches, on which they now sport, will soon be covered with swelling buds which, after a few weeks, will, in very truth, mark the final arrival of spring, the mating and nesting season of these same birds.

Cannot you feel the call which this incomparable day gives to the flowers and the birds, and do you not respond even as the bulbs stir beneath the brown earth in answer to its welcome summons? As you walk, for you find you cannot stay indoors on such a day, you suddenly catch a breath from spring's first herald. You find yourself "sniffing" the air and inhaling the scent of the first breath of spring as it is borne to you on every breeze that passes. While you joyfully continue on your way you discover that the breezes carry not only the scent of the first breath of spring, but that of the violet, another of spring's sweet harbingers; for these, too, undaunted by the fact that the morrow may bring with it a biting frost, give forth of their fragrance to be carried by every breath of air to those who, forgetting winter, delight in the joy of the coming spring.

On such a day we can but exult in the very joy of living and assure ourselves that one such day makes up for the many

dreary days that have preceded it; for these rare days tell us gladly that spring will soon be upon us, and suddenly we realize that while but yesterday we were thinking of these days as rare, we have awakened today to find them plentiful; therefore, we joyfully proclaim to all the world that it is spring.

The Ship's Kitchen and Dining-Room

Dorothy Renn, '18, Cornelian

Last summer while in Portsmouth, Va., I had the pleasure of visiting the battleship Utah. My uncle, who took me, knowing my love for the kitchen at home, suggested that we go there first. As we descended the steep steps, which resembled our fire escape steps very much, a pungent odor and an intense heat almost overwhelmed us. The first impression I had as I reached the bottom of the steps was of a barn entrance and first floor, dotted around the sides with stalls. In the largest of the stalls I saw an enormous range. Standing in front of this were about six Chinamen, who were busily taking out of the ovens loaves of hot bread of unusual length and size. These loaves were laid out on a long shelf, as one of the cooks said "folee dem to coolee", but I do not see how they could very well, because the room was then at white heat. On top of the range men were tossing up and down huge pones of cornbread, and as these cooled, they also were laid away on the shelf.

From this baking room we went into a smaller room. This was the "soup room". Here there were four great brass boilers, each of which contained fifteen gallons. Two of the boilers were full of soup then; it was taking only two now, as most of the men were off on shore leave. These the cook, who was minus any clothing from his waist upward and was reeking in perspiration, was stirring alternately with a long-handled spoon. The odor of the soup, which was filled with garlic and onions, and the heat was so great that we remained here for only a few minutes.

There were many small rooms such as this one; each had a different use, but as this was "soup day" the others were not in use. As I have said before, each of these little kitchens opened into the dining-room. In this there were no chairs nor tables to be seen, nothing except great racks of thick heavy dishes near the floor. Upon inquiring about the tables and chairs I was told to look up. There I saw hundreds of folding tables strapped to the ceiling. Then turning around, I was told to look in front of me. The wall which I had thought solid before, had now opened, and in this immense hollow countless numbers of chairs were packed.

As we passed on to other parts of the ship, I noticed that everything was spotlessly clean, but oh, so bare! No wonder, I thought, the sailor boys get desperate with homesickness on this great, clean, bare ship.

A Haunted House

Ila Rae Watt, '18, Adelpian

Just after sunset one afternoon I came upon an old house so ghostly in appearance as to make one glance over his shoulder as he passed. This "haunted house" stands at a little distance from the public highway, surrounded by a grove of tall beech trees which seem to act as sentinels, hedging in from commonplace world this gray old structure, for the midnight rallying place of spirits. As twilight deepened into dusk there seemed to fall from the surrounding trees upon this house a still, dark curtain. Hiding within this shroud of dark shadows, the house seemed both to draw and to repel the passerby by the silence and mystery with which it seemed to be enveloped and filled.

The weatherbeaten steps in front of the great shadowy veranda were such that only the lightest ghostly step might safely dare to test them. Climbing up the columns of the rickety veranda were a few wandering, leafless vines which, in the pale moonlight, cast long, grewsome patches of darkness across the crumbling floor, suggestive of monstrous ghostly

hands. The shadows which lurked around and within the half-open doorway seemed to be dark spirits, forbidding the planting of a human foot upon the threshold. Two huge windows, empty of both pane and sash, stood, one on each side of the forbidding entrance, giving the impression of endless vaults of darkness filled with silent occupants from the spirit world. Hanging forlornly beside these windows were broken pairs of shutters, which were stirred now and again to a hollow rattle by the sighing breeze.

Scurrying back into the roadway, I viewed this ghostly house again. Above the almost dilapidated veranda arose a second story, giving the whole house the appearance of a huge, dark, sinister visage. The dark outline of the piazza roof thrust itself forward as straight, stern lips; the two small gables set into the main roof were great frowning eyebrows overtopping two luminous, staring eyes which were, in reality, the reflection of the moonlight upon the few remaining panes of glass in the two windows.

Our Room

Mary Jefferys, '18, Adelpian

Our room Thursday night before "Community Service Friday" was in a state of chaos. Our dresser groaned beneath its load of chamois, powder, combs, brushes, mirrors, handkerchiefs, and pennants, which were piled upon it. On the windowsills were boxes, papers, books, glasses, and the remains of a cake. One chair staggered like a drunken man, with its burden of dresses, gym. suits, and tennis rackets. Even the floor had received its part of the deluge and was littered with the overflow of shoes, slippers and torn scraps of paper.

The walls had also felt the shock, for half of the pennants were loose and flapped back and forth in the breeze. As if ashamed of the room in which it lived, one little picture had hidden its face against the wall. The molding and the bookcases were streaked with dust.

What a change there was the next morning! The dresser held only its usual amount of toilet articles; the pictures were

in their usual places; the chairs sat upright like soldiers; the beds were spotlessly white; not a speck of dust could be found in the room. Everything was in order; the pennants were held firmly in place by pins and the little picture had been turned and was smiling down upon a clean and orderly room.

Reading

Mary Powell, '16, Cornelian

“Reade not to Contradict, and Confute; nor to Believe and Take for granted; Nor to Finde Talke and Discourse; But to Weigh and Consider.”

WEIGH AND CONSIDER

WEIGH. To weigh we must make a comparison with something else. Every balance or pair of scales is so arranged that we can compare some new matter about which we desire further information or means of classification with a known standard. Now, in the scales in which we weigh our reading, our previous experience and present knowledge form the known standard by which we must balance the new material, to which we must relate this new matter. And it is only as we relate the new to the old, the past to the present, that we make a thing our own, that it means anything to us, and can be used at need. Therefore, in our reading, let us contrast and compare; let us seek for causes from the past and establish relationships for the future.

CONSIDER. Derived from the Latin *con* or *cum* and *sidus*, the stars. To look at as one would look at the stars; to gaze attentively, to muse, and to ponder. Nor can we in an instant's time “cull what is good from every paper as a bee from every flower”. We must go slowly. There should be no “quick lunch” reading. Time is necessary to think. It is only by reading thus, by weighing and considering, that we find the nice discriminations, detect the delicate shades of meaning, and profit by our reading.

“Rock-a-bye, Baby”

Aletha Hancock, '18, Cornelian

Outside it grows dark and chilly, the steady spring rain patters hard on the roof—but what cares he? Isn't he nestled close in the arms of his precious mother, and isn't the familiar creak of the little wicker rocker, as it swings backward and forward to the rhythm of her soft crooning, sweet to his baby ears? Slowly, slowly the fringe of lashes droop down over the eyes, the little body relaxes, he is sinking into the land of dreams. One chubby fist still clutches tight the folds of her dress, but the low murmuring of “Rock-a-bye, Baby” must have its effect, and—yes, he is sound asleep. She rises and lays him gently on the bed, draws the cover up around his wee shoulders, and with a mother's tenderness, plants a kiss of love on his soft cheek.





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What is a college? If we may judge by the actions of some students, a college is an athletic club where the price of membership includes attendance upon a few lectures unrelated to the basketball game. If we may judge by the actions of other students, a college is a society center where the round of social life is interrupted by the uninteresting details of Latin and mathematics. According to the actions of still other students, a college is a library of useful knowledge to be crammed night and day. The real college, however, is a community of young people gathered together for a common purpose—the enrichment of capacities for the best living.

Athletics and social functions have their place in college life. Neither of these activities, however, is sufficient to justify attendance at college. Acquired knowledge is in itself of little value. "All knowledge is lost which ends in the knowing. Gain all the knowledge you can and then use it to the highest purpose."

The demand for this generation is efficiency, trained workmanship, invested talents. Each student has been intrusted with talents. The great purpose of college should be the development of those intrusted talents that natural endowment may not be wasted and that a greater service may be rendered to the world.

The student is a part of the college. The college as a whole is largely what the students make it. It is necessary, then, that every student should have for her aim the enrichment of her endowments for the best service. *R. B.*

Many of us at college are being supported by our parents, though many are partly or wholly supporting themselves. But all of us, it is safe to say, are spending money with freedom from the control and supervision we have at home. It is, therefore, of extreme importance that we consider carefully how we are using this new freedom of ours. If we are squandering our own or our parents' money now, there is every expectation that later, when we are self-supporting teachers, we will waste our money equally.

The best—indeed the only—way by which we can see how much money we really have spent, and on what, is by keeping an expense account. Of course, it's easy enough to spend all your money and then either write home for more or do without everything, but such a habit will make impossible any attempt at real economy—that is, at the wise utilization of our resources. For you will fail to see how your money has gone, and so, when you have some more, that will go the same way. However, if you would keep an expense account, either you would realize how much you had wasted, and stop, or at least you would know where it had gone and could justify yourself in your own eyes.

So begin today to keep an expense account. It may be hard at first to put down: "All day suckers, .03; Hershey's, .10; Delineator, .15." It may be painful to look back and see how much you have wasted. But soon you will begin to gain new ideas concerning the relative value and expense of various

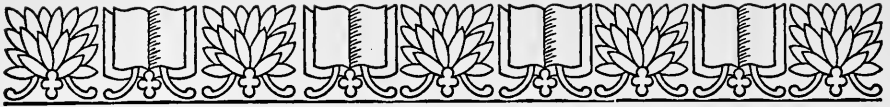
articles. And besides, you can list things in such a way as to have a sort of diary that it will be lots of fun to read next year.

A. J. S.

Do we, in the rush and hustle of our busy school life, forget, or is it just that we do not stop long enough to realize that the little things do count? Yes, we think, if we think at all, "it is such a little thing to 'cut that corner'." Yet, before you realize it, this little thing has grown into something big, for someone has seen you and has followed your example. It may have been merely because you were in a hurry, or it may have been because it was muddy on the walk. Nevertheless the path is started and, by the tramping of many feet, all the grass and violets disappear from that small corner of our pretty campus. It is only a little thing, that corner, but what does that trampled corner show to our visitors? It tells them as clearly as if it had spoken that we, who are to go out from here to teach the youth of North Carolina, do not appreciate the value of "the little things". It lowers our college "just a little", I acknowledge, in their estimation. Can we afford, however, to have it lowered that "little" in the minds of the people of this or other states?

Let us remember this and resolve that no matter how beaten a path may already have been worn across a corner of our grass-covered campus, we will stay off in order to give the grass a chance to struggle back into existence.

S. M. G.



Society Notes

With the Cornelians

Owing to a talk given in the auditorium before society, there was no literary program after the regular business meeting of the society on Saturday evening, February 6. The literary program February 27 was in the form of an old-fashioned southern evening. Bre'r Rabbit stories were told by Aletha Hancock and Mary Nesbitt; negro songs were sung by Mary Worth; Genevieve Moore, Maggie Staton Howell and Minnie Long rendered several musical selections. Miss Eleanor Elliott read us some very interesting "Mirandy" stories. The society then sang "Old Folks at Home", and "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground".

With the Adelphians

Since the new term began the literary programs with the Adelphians have been especially interesting.

On January 23 the program was a musical one, the society feeling that it was especially fortunate in hearing an organ recital by Mr. Scott-Hunter. All of the numbers were splendid, but "The Spring Song" was especially appreciated.

On February 3 there was an impromptu debate held in the chapel. The query for the debate was, "Resolved, That the Normal girls render more service to the state than the University boys." Many interesting and amusing points were brought up on both sides. Needless to say, the affirmative won. After the debate the members went downstairs, to find the society hall suddenly transformed into a place of life and beauty. Tables were scattered over the room, from which were dispensed by the Adelpian Seniors, tea, sandwiches, cake and mints. The remainder of the evening was spent in music, song and genial mirth.

On February 27 the Adelpian faculty entertained the society. A recital was given in the chapel by Mrs. Albright, Miss Severson, Mr. Scott-Hunter, Mr. Brockmann and Miss Minor. After the recital the company was invited downstairs by Miss Fort. Upon arriving there, each had pinned to his back a slip of paper on which was written the name of some famous person. The only way to find out whom one represented was to question one's fellows, and all questions had to be answered by simple "yes" or "no". This was the occasion of much

fun, and George Washington, Jenny Lind, Cleopatra and Aristotle were found hobnobbing with Joe Cannon, Villa and Billy Sunday.

A delicious ice course was served, after which everyone engaged in the good old-fashioned Virginia reel until time was called. Quickly collecting, the girls gave nine rahs for the faculty and reluctantly departed, declaring that "our faculty are the best ever".





Young Women's Christian Association

Mazie Kirkpatrick, Vice-President

During the month of February the Sunday evening vesper services have been as follows: February 7, Brigadier Crawford, of the Salvation Army, talked on the work of the Salvation Army. February 14, Mrs. Motte Martin talked on "Congo Belgian Africa". February 21, Rev. E. O. Goode talked on "The Friendship of Jesus". February 28, the report of the conference at Charlotte was given. Edith Avery told about the addresses of Mr. White, Mary Dorrity those of Dr. Mott, Bessie Wright those of Dr. Speer, and Mary Gwynn those of Mr. Ellis. Addie Klutz told about the moving pictures used in connection with the conference, Pauline Williams about the volunteer meetings, and Sadie McBrayer gave the general impressions of the conference.

The Wednesday evening prayer services for February have been: February 3, Miss Summerell spoke on "Making bricks without straw". February 10, Miss Dameron talked to us about "Jacob and the Angel". February 17, the senior class had charge of the service: Scripture reading, Pauline Shaver; prayer, Ruth Harris; talk on "Student standards of honor", by Alice Sawyer. February 24, the juniors had charge of the service: Scripture reading, Lucy Hatch; prayer, Mary Gwynn; talk on "Leadership", by Ruth Tate.

Eighteen of our students attended the sessions of the Laymen's Missionary Meeting, which convened in Charlotte March 12-20. The Volunteer Union of the state met at the same time and had the benefit of the same speakers. Our delegates were very pleasantly entertained at different homes, and enthusiastically report a delightful time as well as a most inspiring convention.

Our student secretary, Miss Miller, spent a week recently in Farmville, Va., where she conducted Bible classes at the State Normal School, in connection with a series of special student meetings which were led by our Field Secretary, Miss Mabel Stone. While away Miss Miller also visited at Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

The Social Service Committee of the Association sent their last collection of clothes to a mission school in Kentucky. This committee has been able to respond to several calls from different parts of our home mission field this year, and each time has had the ready support of the student body.

The association is making plans for a week of student meetings to be held the last of March. It is hoped that Mr. George Irving, editor of *The North American Student*, will be able to lead these meetings for us. Miss Stone, our Field Secretary, hopes to be with us to lead a devotional hour each day.



Among Ourselves

Marguerite Wiley, '16, Adelprian

On February 5, a visit was made to the college by representatives from our State Legislature. Mr. D. F. Giles, of McDowell County, and Mr. Rivers Johnston, from the Senate, and Mr. Kittrell, of Vance County, from the House of Representatives, inspected our campus, buildings and college equipment, noting, we hope, all improvements needed. These gentlemen also made interesting talks to the student body.

On February 5, Miss Anna Barrows, of Columbia University, gave several instructive lectures to the classes studying home economics. The whole student body was also granted the privilege of hearing Miss Barrows lecture on foods, their proper selection and preparation for health and economy.

On February 13, the annual reception in honor of the senior class was given by the junior class. The function this year stands out as one of the most delightful in the social life of our college. The reception and banquet were given at the college. The guests were received in the students' building, where the society halls and committee rooms were attractively decorated with red carnations. The banquet was given in the dining hall, which had been transformed into a veritable "House of a Thousand Candles". The soft light falling from the heart-shaped candle clusters upon the dainty gowned young ladies and their dinner partners— young men from all over the state—seated at the banquet board, which consisted of a large heart with smilax and red carnations for its decorations, presented a tout ensemble of rare loveliness.

Miss Esther Mitchell gracefully presided as toastmistress. The following very pleasing toasts were given:

To 1915 Miss Janie Ipock; to the Boy, Miss Marguerite Wiley; to the Chaperons, Miss Louise Goodwin; to College Life, Miss Annie Beam; to Cupid, Miss Kate Mae Streetman; to the Men, Miss Elizabeth Craddock; to the Future, Miss Tempe Boddie.

On February 8, some two hundred and fifty students manifested their sentiments in a suffrage parade at walking period. The parade was led by the suffrage band, which was composed of members of the orchestra with drum and cornets and of a body of amateurs, who, led by the Kernodles, performed lustily on comb and tissue paper. All down the line banners with "Votes for Women" floated on high. After marching around the campus the suffragists gathered in front of the main entrance

to Spencer dormitory, where the suffrage leaders mounted the "stump" and delivered stirring speeches. These speeches were full of college fun, but they were at the same time convincing. Those who spoke were: Miss Carey Wilson, Miss Gladys Avery, Miss Mary Worth, Miss Carrie Goforth, Miss Edith Avery, and Miss Annie Beam.

We were delighted to have as our guest at luncheon one day, Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education. Dr. Claxton spoke to us at the conclusion of the meal upon the recently conceived plans for practical methods used in teaching. He spoke especially of the work which had been done in school gardening and rural economics and stated that much remained to be accomplished when a sufficient number of trained teachers were supplied. Much encouragement and inspiration was received from Dr. Claxton's short address.

The Glee Club from the University gave a good performance at the college on Saturday night, February 20. Every selection rendered was thoroughly enjoyed, but Mr. Chapman's solo, "All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go", lingers in the musical minds of all who attended. The Glee Club came under the auspices of the Senior Class. An informal reception was held after the performance.

On February 22, a Colonial party was given in honor of the faculty by the Senior Class. All guests were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Washington, who were well represented by Miss Mabel Cooper and Miss Susie Rankin. After this the guests were taken to the society hall, where a large picture of a cherry tree had been hung on the wall. Each member of the faculty was invited to be blindfolded and attempt to pin a small hatchet where the tree should be cut. Mrs. Foust and Mrs. Albright were awarded prizes for "cutting" most successfully.

The partners for the Virginia reel were drawn in a very unique manner. Every one was presented with a small red hatchet on which was written the first or second line from a song. Those who had the first line of a song would rise and sing it and the partner would make herself known by singing the second line. After much laughter the couples lined up for the Virginia reel.

Delicious cream and cake were served. While refreshments were being served, four couples came out and danced the minuet.

We are most fortunate in having had the opportunity on Friday night, February 26, of hearing the great artist, Leland Powers, present Belasco and De Mille's delightful play, "Lord Chumley". Mr. Powers made every character real and lifelike and especially did his listeners enjoy Lord Chumley and the art displayed in presenting that character.

By the exercises in celebration of Washington's birthday the class of 1915 succeeded admirably in arousing the patriotic spirit of the students. The address given in the main auditorium by B. H. Butler, of Southern Pines, was followed by the presentation of an American flag by the Senior Class. As this was raised at the entrance to the park, the students sang America.



Exchange Department

Julia M. Canaday, '15, Cornelian

The January number of *The Spectator* deserves commendation, both for the quality of its material and for the attractive manner in which it is arranged. The articles entitled "Mississippi Lumber Industry Should Not Be in the Hands of Northern Capitalists" and "Mississippi Forestry" show that the authors have really studied their subjects—subjects which vitally concern their state. Although *The Spectator* is decidedly lacking in good poetry, the quality of its short stories and essays almost compensates for this deficiency. The story, "Miss Nannie Apple's Dynamite", is a good example of an extremely simple story well told. It reveals an interesting psychological study of everyday humanity for us, besides a loyal and determined friend, in the person of "Miss Nannie". The shorter stories entitled "The Voice of the Dumb" and "Pictures" are, likewise, entertaining and well written. The essay, "Ruskin's Ideal of Womanhood as Expressed in 'Sesame and Lillies' Fulfilled in the Twentieth Century Woman" is one of the best essays we have read recently. The essay shows depth of thought and clearness of vision on the part of the author. First, the author gives Ruskin's ideal of womanhood, and the requisites he sets forth for attaining to this ideal. Next, she points out to us that this ideal is beginning to be realized in the twentieth century woman—the woman of today.

The Trinity Archive fails to come up to its usual standard this month, there being a lack of both good poetry and of short stories. However, it contains some interesting articles. The one entitled, "O. Henry" is especially interesting because of the acceptable bit of information given and because of the entertaining manner in which it is told. This article gives us a fresh insight into the life and character of our well-loved North Carolina author, and an added interest to become more acquainted with his works. The writer of this article well sums up O. Henry's genius as a successful story-teller by saying that he possesses the happy faculty of combining the three elements, wit, pathos, and gripping human interest into his stories. Another article that deserves very creditable mention is the review of Harold Bell Wright's book, "The Eyes of the World". The story, entitled "Peggy", which is written in letter form, is entertaining because of its portrayal of the many little tricks of fate in love, and because of its pleasing dénouement.



In Lighter Vein

Annie Beam

Training school child: "If I had a hundred dollars to spend, among other things I would buy a wheel for a poor little boy who carries groceries, and packages to ride on."

WELL! WHAT OF THIS?

Did you hear about that living personification of ingenuity putting her hand grip in the bed and writing home to her mother that she was in bed with "La Grippe"?

CHAOS—BEFORE DAY

- A. Guten Morgen, roommate dear,
Stars are bright and sky is clear.
- S. Comment vous portez-vous,
'Lemme lone, I'll give you a sous.
- A. Non, non, je ne puis le faire
Carpe diem, by the hair!

From a perusal of examination files one would conclude that some people believe that doughnuts are covered with flour, that mountains wring H-2-0 out of clouds, that bread is made of flower and that people eat meet, that yeast rising bread is better for the complexion than salt rising bread, that light bread dough needs much kneading so that the wholes may become larger, and that tooth brushes kill bacteria.

A FRESHMAN'S TALE OF WOE

By E. C.; B. P.

In these few lines we shall try to depict
A poor, green Freshman's conception
Of the Junior-Senior Reception.

Much to our unbounded delight
That grand jury did us permit
To gaze upon the finery as it did flit.

Cheer up, my friends, 'tis a sad story;
Those flossed-up upper classmen, 'tis true,
Took them a man and away they flew.

In midst of our anguish, one ray of hope—
To that happy time we're approaching,
We'll have us a man—there's no use preaching!

Mr. B., in choir practice, while urging all the girls to sing, enthusiastically exclaimed: "Lord Kitchener told the British soldiers: 'Every man must do her duty'!"

"Our Republic" states that Grant kept up a continuous fire upon Vicksburg until it surrendered. Great was the vivifying power of that child's imagination who, in reciting, stated that Grant built a hot fire around Vicksburg and it got so hot they had to surrender!



